

# If I Were Brave

Shawn Colvin

All the happy couples on their way to New Orleans  
Reminding me of when we got along  
And they're only renting time and space to fill up with their dreams  
And dreams are what they'll have, when they have gone  
How could it be that I was born without a clue to carry on?  
And still it is the same, now I am older  
Armed with just a will and then this love for singing songs  
And minding less and less, if I am colder  
But I have this funny ache and it's burning in my chest  
And it spreads just like a fire inside my body  
Is it something God left out in my spirit or my flesh?  
Would I be saved, if I were brave and had a baby?  
It was never clear what would next  
But that's the risk and that's the test  
And you were the only one so far to follow  
And no one talks about when one might stop and need to rest  
Or how long you sit alone before you stop looking back  
It's like you're waiting for Godot  
And then you pick your sorry ass up off the street and go  
And what the hell is this? Who made this bloody mess?  
And someone always answers like a Martyr  
Is it something you should know, did you never do your best?  
Would you be saved if you were brave and just tried harder?  
So now, I ride the ought one thirty-five to New Orleans  
I float a mile above life's toil and trouble  
A thousand lonely lifetimes, I still wait and then go on  
A clown to entertain the happy couples

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